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No. 46.

THE ASKED OF LOVE.

BY A. B. C.

"High on more, lad, such no more;
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never."
Shakespeare—Much Ado About Nothing.

When rivers roll the mountain side,
When Time runs back for a thousand years,
When the moon and the sun refuse the tide,
Shall Love grow sick on a diet of tears.

When the butterfly moans o'er the dead
When the corpse is a cure to the soul;
When the world seems to pray for night at
Shall Love be staid with the hush of
love.

Bred up together from childhood's time,
Fair was the girl and faithful the boy,
And each loved the other as truth the friend,
And Love seemed kind, and was not coy.

How happy their dream they were once
How could they tell why a sigh was blown
Till Time brought stormy winds to her
To give a place for words, and a break for
tears.

And their parents smiled as they saw the
And the course of their love ran smooth
And its stream flowed soft as a breeze in the
Till it bubbled its way to the pale moon-
light.

How high he left her to win him a name;
How high he left her to win her a home;
And his letters told of his constant flame,
And her heart leapt true with "Ah, would he
come!"

His love words soon seem like echoes of
love.
Of love that was true to a rival spoke:
Ah, who is faithful, if false he prove,
Or true, if his slightest truth be broke?

To the first night of Winter, and harvest
Time with her hope, as she sits and grieves,
Tears the best of her eyes,
While the light points her window with
candle-tears.

Harsh—say, we shall listen for signs in vain,
The bird he has treasured once in his
And, amidst of love that shall never
again,
The torrent breaks forth from her heart of
stone.

"If to the darkness halls of the dead,
On the eve of our nuptials were he led,
There should my heart have followed his
A bridegroom lost were an angel was."

"Was it death only one life had died—
All but my life, but now death be live
To under the moon that shall never
again,
Stand he truth and faith no more survive."

"Stand he revealed as a heretic in
love.
He left me, and going, he back words
Sweating, 'All business, all time as I—'
A wild roar from his heart and true."

As, farthest, he had turned to
With a sudden start from a reverent mood,
But yet my heart he no repeat:
Though still, I was that he be not so."

And his lips had said no vision words
With a wizard's gift, those points mine eyes
Yet yet I saw only just as he said:
Through I knew his truth, and his art a
lie."

"He left me and now shall join their
To his up-coming countenance:
Tribulation shall show their faith and
And the sun shall show their love and
their art."

"The old-world comes that resound:
The earth with the north its cliffs shall
change:
Sweeps be by the fire of their eyes:
But we, through the dark, know, be
stronger."

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD.

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY—THE CHAPLAIN RETURNS.

In a somewhat wild part of the coast of England, at least a hundred and fifty miles distant from the metropolis, is situated a small town or village, called Dunsford. The town on either side of the river above and overlooks the sea, higher in some spots than in others, and the descent of the rocks is in places perpendicular. There are cliffs, however, where they slope so gradually that a sure foot may descend easily, and in some the hard nature of the rock appears to have softened with time, for grass grows upon the sides, and even wild flowers. In ancient times it was a settlement of the Danes, and there is no doubt that the name, now corrupted into Dunsford, was formerly written Dunsford. Outside the village, towards the sea, a colony of straggling huts and cottages is built, not clinging to the edge of the beach, but some little distance from them; beyond, may be seen some scattered mansions; and again, beyond them, rise the steeply walled of Dunsford Castle, a moat and a high square tower, once over the gateway in the middle, from which latter turret a flag may be seen waving, whenever the castle's chief, Lord Dane, is reigning at it.

The castle faces the sea, being about a quarter of a mile distant from it, and the grass-land stretches out smooth and

round and flat between it and the edge of the beach. The high road from the village winds up past the castle gates, and behind it is an inclosed garden. A little further on, and almost close to the brow of the heights are the ruins of what was the chapel in the days of the monks; its walls stand yet, and its monuments, from which the glass has long since gone, are sheltered round with the clustering ivy; traces of its altar, and of its once inscribed gravestones may still be seen inside, but no roof is there, and it is open alike to the calm sky and the stormy sea. A picturesque sight does old ruin present to the eye in the slanting beams of the setting sun, or in the pale, weird beauty of a moonlight night.

On the other side of the winding road, opposite the castle, might be seen all the signs of husbandry; ploughed fields, grass lands, with here and there a farmhouse, surrounded by its substantial ricks and barns. And one sunny day in spring, perched upon a gate leading into a clover field, and doing something to a fishing rod, was a young man in the careless attire favored by country gentlemen. He looked about eight-and-twenty, was tall and slender; his features were thin and sharp, and his eyes dark, but they had not a very open expression. His velvet sporting-coat was thrown back from his shoulders, for the day was really warm. Hearing footsteps, he lifted his eyes, and saw approaching from the direction of the village a middle-aged man, who wore the dress of a gentleman caller. The latter lifted his glass hat from his head as he neared the gate, but whether in courtesy, or whether merely to wipe his brow, which he proceeded to do, was uncertain.

"Is that Dane Castle?" asked the stranger.

"I thought it must be," was the comment of the caller, spoken in an undertone. "Perhaps you have no objection to tell me a little of the present history of its inmates," he continued; "I made acquaintance with one of the sons abroad."

"With all the pleasure in life," earnestly replied the younger gentleman, still intent upon his fishing-rod. "The family are at the castle now, Lord and Lady Dane, and one of the sons. Lord Dane more hospitable than ever."

"Lord Dane hospitable?"

"He fell from his horse last autumn, hunting, and the spine was injured, possibly of the spine, I believe they call it. The effect is that the entire use of his lower limbs has left him, and he is totally as helpless as a baby."

"No power in his legs, I suppose?"

"None. Lady Dane retains power in hers, though, and in her tongue, too," said the guest, smiling, with an imperious whiff. "She rules the roast, now the baron's laid by."

"Which of the sons is at home?"

"The younger one, the captain. The heir is in Paris. He is a fast man, and a Parisian life suits him."

"There was a young lady at the castle. I forget her name. I believe they call it. I dare say you may have heard, for that is what she is styled here by the gossip."

"I have heard her called an angel," returned the caller, with an imperious whiff; "nothing less laudatory."

The other lifted his eyes from his fishing-rod, and fixed them on his guest. "Then, if you have heard that, I'll wager it was from no other than Harry Dane."

"From William Dane."

"William Henry; it's all one; we dub him Harry here. The old peer is fond of the name of Harry, and rarely called him anything else. Geoffrey is the name of the eldest."

"I know. Is William to marry Adelaide Errol?"

"The young gentleman raised his eyebrows. 'People profess to say so. The captain, gallant son of Mars though he is, has singled his wings in the brightness of her fascinations. He—'

"I wish you'd talk plain English, sir," testily interrupted the stranger.

"Why, what else am I talking? Dutch?"

"Rhapsody—and I don't understand it. Is Captain Dane to marry the young lady, or is he not?"

"What a very unbecoming person you seem to be," was the equable rejoinder. "Don't I tell you that it is said he will? He is five after here—of you understand the French term in all its force; whereas the very ground she treads on. If that's not English, I don't know what it is."

"And she?"

"The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"There's no answering for women. Perhaps she returns his nerve; perhaps she does not. My lady impresses upon her the fact that the honorable William Henry Dane is no bad match for a portionless daughter."

"Captain Dane is rich?"

"I wish I were a tick as rich. Some

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The Ashes of Love.—She burns her past treasures one by one.

arrangement exists in the Dane family by which the younger sons step into their fathers when they become of age, and the captain took possession of his fifty thousand pounds.

"A large portion," remarked the caller.

"It's not to be sneezed at. But he acquired all this money on his own merits, remember; some and daughters, too. Had there been ten, the fifty thousand would have been divided among them. His uncle, William Henry, who he was named after, left him his fortune also, for he had never married; and that was at least fifty thousand more. It is thought, too, that the gallant captain never—does not live half up to his in come. Of course, now that he is in England, visiting at home, he does not want to spend—"

"At times he has been at home? Is it two years since he has quitted the States?"

"Aye; but he went traveling, we hear. He is a droll man upon his own movements. He appeared at home about six months ago, saying he was some for a few days; but the few days have lengthened into months."

"Why did he remain?"

"The younger man laughed. 'Ask Adelaide Errol.'"

"He and his elder brother are at variance?"

"And always will be. There's bitter blood between them. But for this mad passion for Adelaide, he was about to renounce her. I can't think, for my part, why he ever sold out, quickly."

"The young man took out his penknife and scraped a spot off the fishing-rod before he answered.

"Random figures of speech slip from us at times; they convey no meaning. And now, Mr. Salter, I must wish you good-morning."

"I thank you for your courtesy in answering my questions," said the caller.

"I have answered nothing that you might not hear from any man, woman or child in the dominions of Lord Dane. Was the reply. The politics of the family are patent to all."

He moved away, as he spoke, with that insolent, gentlemanly languor somewhat common to Englishmen of the upper classes, maintaining towards a group who had appeared in sight, and were approaching the castle.

An invalid-chair, in which reclined a fine-looking old man, whose gray hairs were fast turning to white. It was

ing Captain Dane, whose personal attendants he was "a gentleman who to speak to you."

"Captain Dane looked calmly round, and saw no one.

"Who does? Some one in the castle?"

"No, sir"—slightly pointing to the gate where Colonel Monteton stood—that gentleman. He bade me follow you and say so."

"Excuse me an instant, Adelaide," said the captain, as he turned in the direction.

She threw her bright, laughing gaze after him, and then bent it on the servant.

"Who is it, Ravensbird?"

"A stranger, my lady."

The two friends met, Colonel Monteton and Captain Dane, and their hands were clasped instantly. Colonel Monteton was an American, and it was in the States that they had first made each other's acquaintance, which had gone on to intimacy. They had been a great deal together and corresponded yet. It was in this correspondence Colonel Monteton had heard of Adelaide Errol. Both had served in the army, but were free men now, and wealthy.

"Where in the world did you spring from?" uttered Captain Dane. "Have you taken a tour through the bowels of the earth, and turned up on this side?"

Colonel Monteton laughed.

"I invested some funds in a yacht, and must needs try her. We came over to England, and have been cruising about the coast, and put in here this morning for a day's sojourn."

"A day! How long! The castle won't be left of under a week."

"The castle is not going to be possessed with me," was the interruption of Colonel Monteton, in a graver tone. "I have received news from home that compels me to go home with great dispatch. Pardon the seeming discourtesy, Dane; I cannot spare time for the castle; but, as I was here, I would not leave without trying to see you."

"You did not put in on purpose, then?"

"The yacht's master put in for some purpose of his own, and will come down on board with me."

"I heard an hour ago there was a smart, clipper-built yacht in the bay, sporting the stars and stripes; but I never thought of you. I'll come down with you now, and have a look at her. I had a passion for yachting once."

"Talking about the stars and the stripes, which is that great flag for me, I ask, surging over the castle?" demanded Colonel Monteton.

"Oh, that is nothing but one of the old Dane customs, longed for by Captain Dane. When my father is at home, that flag waves there; in his absence, it does not show."

"One more question, Dane. Who was that bright-looking girl you were walking with but now?"

The color actually flushed into the face of Captain Dane as brightly as to say school girl's. His love was powerful within him.

"The Lady Adelaide."

"I thought so. And when are you to take possession of her—as we say of other things?"

"Captain Dane shook his head with a smile.

"It is impossible to say. She is a capricious little beauty, and plays fast and loose. Sometimes before the year is out, I suppose."

"And when are we to see you over in the new country again? Never?"

"Captain Dane turned his face in surprise on the questioner.

"Can you doubt it? I shall come, and shall bring my wife with me; she says she should like the trip. But I shall not take up my residence there again; I must make arrangements for leaving."

At that moment Mr. Herbert Dane overtook them, his fishing-rod still in his hand. He joined them, speaking a few idle sentences; but Captain Dane did not appear to encourage him, and made no advance to introduce him to his friend. So Herbert Dane walked on.

"That is a relative of yours," observed Colonel Monteton, when he was out of hearing.

"A cousin. His father was the Honorable Herbert Dane, Lord Dane's brother. But the Honorable Herbert got out of his money, and has left his son upper servant in plain clothes. He was walking in the road, and appeared to hang back, as if he did not care to overtake his superiors. The sailor—as we have been calling him all along, although he was not one, in spite of his dress—accompanied him."

"Can you tell me who that gentleman is?" he asked, indicating the young man with the fishing-rod, who had just quitted him.

"It is Mr. Herbert Dane."

"Not a son of Lord Dane?" cried the other, quickly.

The man threw back his head, as if the question rather hurt his conscience.

"Oh, dear, no; he is nothing but a relation. That is Lord Dane's son, the Honorable Captain Dane."

He was moving on after speaking, but the sailor once more arrested him.

"Ravensbird, I think you have forgotten me."

"The man turned and stared, and then respectfully touched his hat.

"Indeed, sir, I beg your pardon, but I don't think I looked at you. I look you for a moment. We often see strange sailors about here. Colonel Monteton, I believe, sir."

"The same. Will you inform your master that I am here. Stay, Ravensbird, don't tell him who. Say a gentleman craves speech of him."

The servant touched his hat once more and hastened forward, overtaking the family just before they reached the castle gates.

"If you please, sir," he said, address-

ing a yacht or a fishing-boat could find shelter in it. She was a beautiful little thing, this American yacht, named the "Pearl," and was at the present moment the pride of Colonel Monteton's life. He was actually fond of fresh positions and fresh favorites, which resigned prominent while his fancy for them lasted.

Meanwhile Mr. Ravensbird had entered the castle, and sought a companion-ship he was rather fond of seeking; that of Lady Adelaide Errol's French maid, Sophie. He was a dark, stern-looking man, with a mellow complexion, but nevertheless he had an honest face, and there was a kindly expression in his black eyes. Nobody could deny that he was very ugly; but ugly men sometimes find great favor with women.

The castle wondered what pretty Sophie could find to like in Mr. Ravensbird.

"There's your commission executed," said he, putting on the table a paper which contained a few yards of ribbon.

"Will it do? Is it right?"

Sophie unfolded it, and held it up. She was a neat, trim domestic, with regular features, quiet gray eyes, and an exceedingly smart cap. Sophie stamped her feet impatiently.

"If you want the like," cried she, for she spoke English pretty fluently, "I ask you to go and buy for me four yards of blue ribbon, and you bring me purple ribbon, and you fifty times and fifty, that you have not the eye for colors."

Ravensbird laughed.

"I did say 'blue' didn't I do?"

"It must do. I wait for it; I am in the hurry for it. But don't you go and be so stupid again. Wasn't that sailor gentleman you were talking to by the name of Captain Dane?"

"How did you see him?"

"I stood at the turret-window in my lady's room; I was looking out for you from the ribbon. 'He is taking his time,' I said to myself. Who was it?"

"A friend of the captain's; a gentleman we used to know in America. What do you think he asked me?"

"Herbert Dane was my lord's son."

"He did not know better," responded Sophie. "I wish he were my lord's son; then might get something."

"What things?" inquired Ravensbird, opening his eyes.

"Well, I should think that you and your master are the only two in this castle who can't see, who have got no sight for what's going on!" uttered Sophie, somewhat contemptuously. "You think my lady Adelaide will marry your master, don't you?"

"What is now up?" inquired Ravensbird. "What do you mean?"

"There is nothing up that there has been all along, importunately rejoined Sophie. 'But you have not got any eyes, and he has not got any vision. My lady's a flirt, she's vain, and she just lives in admiration; but she has got one in the corner of her heart that is more than your master and all his gold—more to her than the whole world. And she has had him there long before your master came home, and spent things by wanting her for himself!'

Knowingly astonished looked Richard Ravensbird.

"I don't know what you are driving at, Sophie," he said. "If she has got her heart fixed on somebody else, and is pining off fine aims upon my master, she's a wicked little girl."

"We can't control our likings," returned Sophie; "and her heart was given, I say, before the captain ever came. Lady Dane began to suspect that there was more between them than there ought to be, considering he was poor; and my young lady got frightened lest they should be separated, and he, or she, went away. So when the captain came forward with his love and his grand offers, she made a show of accepting him, just to gain time, but, please you, it was nothing but to blind my lady Dane, and throw her off the scent. She'll never marry him."

"Sophie, tell me who you are speaking of?" inquired Ravensbird.

"Rah! Aquire Looker! She likes him gallant speeches and his flattery of her beauty, but what she does she for Aquire Looker? I speak of Herbert Dane. They are engaged in secret, and they love each other to folly."

Richard Ravensbird passed, and then, as past events crowded on his memory, bringing conviction of the truth of Sophie's words, he broke into a low, prolonged whistle.

"If this does not explain what that was dark to me! Sophie have wondered to see them so often together in secret. I have seen them walking together on a moonlight night. But I never gave a thought to the truth of Sophie's words, he broke into a low, prolonged whistle."

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[illegible]

voice the servant would not have his hand for Lady Adelaide. Mr. Danvers took the book, chapped her in his forehead with the back of his hand. The indignant servant was grieved.

"My darling Adelaide!"

"I am determined to go to bed to-night; and see what a lovely nightingale! But we were later than usual at dinner-table."

"Not he. I am explaining at home, I daresay that is in the bag. Her figure is radiant with it now. Her hair, before she was married, was a fine brown. Now I have pretty trouble to stave off all the squirts in growing domestic use."

"You laughed merrily at the expense of Herbert Danvers hold her close."

"My squirts at nobody. Adelaide may be a squint at some's length, or some's width. The one I don't want to meet home."

"You need not fear," she impatiently answered. "I hate and despise him as much as I do the other. He is a very good man; but because he has love on me, I hate him."

"He is the Honourable William Danvers, and your is the better lover."

"No mean rival."

"Oh, Harriet, my dearest, what a

to meet the demand for new designs in this new recreation, this work of color and imported designs has been completed.

The Crown of Life. By W. A. Ordway, illustrated by W. W. Walcott. Toledo, Ohio: The Crown of Life Music Co., 1914. 100 pages. Music for the Sunday School, full original compositions, and Indian songs, all of which are exceedingly favorable, known to the public through the gramophone.

The Crown of Life is easy, and yet full of melody.

Book Review. A Monthly Journal devoted to Books, Stationery and Printing. Published by the Bookman Co., New York. There is ample warrant for the publication as this, and we wish it to succeed.

Our Own, or the Land of the Purple. By J. Dumas. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Our Own, or the Land of the Purple. Illustrated by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Our Own, or the Land of the Purple. Written by W. B. Miller, and illustrated by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Our Own, or the Land of the Purple. A pamphlet of the Government of the State of Pennsylvania in its last session.

We can never really live pleasantly as pleasantly as this shines before us afterwards in memory.

That once were no gay,
I think of a love-dream
That withered as they.

H. H. BOLTON.

WORD SQUARE

1. A pronoun. 2. Curving. 3. A
delicacy. 4. A fortune-teller.

2.

1. A verb. 2. Dry. 3. Worthless.
A famous garden. FT. TOTTER
(Answers to the above will be given
in No. 49.)

**Answers to "Our Own Sphere" No. 23. Vol.
XXXVIII.—1. Matchless.—2. Mac's
Buff.**

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE—

G
R A G E
H A Z E
G A Z E L L E
O E L L Y
E L Y
L
L A Y E R
E L Y S I A N
D E I T Y
R A Y
N

HEATH.—Evening, Even, Eve.

in the breast pocket of his coat, and drew instead a weapon that in use was more silent.

He looked down with eyes that almost pierced the darkness, out into the open hall.

Then he caught sight of an ascending staircase, and he turned to follow the lanterns carried by the new intruder.

Had it not been for one circumstance the frightened victim in Mrs. Chaworth's room would have been spared. The other was, like himself, bent upon an act of robbery; but he saw that the man was more of an officer's uniform.

He saw that he had to be ready to defend himself, for he was not to understand that any effort would be apt to attempt to arrest in this stealthy manner, but was first called to attention, and not advised to be allowed to surrender had he made one.

But the idea that seized the victim was that the ascending figure was the man who had been told to surprise him in his next room.

"If I do not take him at an advantage to arrest," reflected the masked intruder, "he will at least be a man with whom that would be as bad as death. I must not be caught here alive. I will grasp upon him the moment he approaches the door. Ah! he pauses to turn his head! Something has alarmed him, he fears to attempt my capture al-

officers stooped over the fallen form that was nearest him, and peered into the face of the man.

"That was the pawbroker, and he is quite dead,"

The other, who yet lived, though scarcely sufficient for some terrible vision that was passing before him, entered the chamber of Mrs. Chaworth. His mark was off, and the features there by remnant were those of a much more than the looking man than his antagonist.

"What's the meaning of all this?" asked the astonished officer.

"The pawbroker is dead," said the other, "is dead, and the other is dying, or that."

"They have had a struggle," observed the second officer, "made in the hall, perhaps, and took each man's share."

"Is anybody in the house here, besides the two?"

"I have just quitted the first apartment."

"Mrs. Chaworth answered the housekeeper," he then discovered the housekeeper, "has been in her chamber."

"Well, neither of them will trouble you again," said the officer. "What have you to do with the other?"

"Norton?" he continued, turning to the companion.

"I will send away from this if possible," was the reply. "These fellows won't be a dying burden on their hands."

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

and call more help. Myself. And you." He continued, addressing the domestic, "don't go into his room, but keep quiet even if you can't keep out."

They had gathered around—all but Lena, who was never seen in that house again—terrified, horrified, and viewing, with many an anxious glance, the tragic spectacle presented.

Celia remained with Mrs. Chawick, endeavoring to soothe and comfort her. In a short time additional help arrived from the police, and it was resolved to remove the dead and the wounded man to the nearest station house.

Here we may say that, though the danger of Celia's entering the residence of Mrs. Chawick was never to a certainty known; but the unavoidable and terrible presumption was that he mediated the murder of Celia Burke, both to make it impossible for her to appear against him for the wrong he had already done her, should he ever be arrested for that outrage, and to deliver her from the power of the police, and thus bring to naught the further blackmailing of Moses Spiker.

The girl Lena was an accomplice of the perpetrator, and she had been given him ingress to the house. The second villain had obtained entrance in another quarter, and, unfortunately for himself, at a very moment when Celia was also entering.

When being conveyed to the station-house, an examination of the wounds of the surviving man showed that they were mortal. He was informed that he might live a few hours—until noon of the coming day, it might be, but not longer.

The intelligence affected him powerfully. For a long time he lay silent, refusing to answer any questions, and even to give his name.

He was a man of such gentleness, and even aristocratic appearance, that it was known that he was guilty of an attempted crime of the low grade of burglary was a surprise to every one. Mrs. Chawick had not yet stated that his object was not ordinary robbery.

He should wish to possess himself of her marriage certificate was a mystery to her, and trying to find some explanation of it, her brain was painful for a moment.

Was Adeline De Graffe an agent in the matter? What could be her object, if so?

These and other questions disturbed the mind of Mrs. Chawick very deeply. Just after she and Celia had eaten their breakfast, or rather had lided over next meal while they discussed the mysterious occurrence of the night, a messenger came to the former, bearing the following communication:

"Will Mrs. Agatha Chawick meet Mrs. Chawick at the railway, where the man who attempted the robbery of her house last night has been conveyed? Disclosures of the most vital importance to herself and Mr. Chawick will be made. Please respond to permit earliest delivery."
Signed, R. Harris.
On behalf of H. E.

Mrs. Chawick read this message with mingled consternation, and then said that she would go at once to the designated place.

The messenger departed, and, turning to Celia, Mrs. Chawick placed the note in her hand, directing her to read it, and then to prepare to accompany her.

The carriage was ordered, and the two were soon seated in it on their way to the hospital.

Mrs. Chawick was silent during the greater part of the ride. "I cannot tell you what I feel and fear," Celia said, "all she said in relation to the matter that was leading her to the presence of the dying man."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.
When they reached the hospital they found that Nelson Chawick had already arrived there.

He greeted Mrs. Chawick with a fervor that was evidenced more by look than by word. "My dear wife," he said, "I am glad to see you."

A wondering earnestness characterized his manner, for he felt that the strange manner in which he had received news of her death, though what he could not guess.

To Celia he was less demonstrative than to Mrs. Chawick, yet the knowledge of his face as he beheld her testified to the pleasure her presence gave him.

He had already been informed of the occurrence of the night, and briefly but with eager interest the ladies on their escape from a possible assassination.

The three were immediately conducted to the apartment adjoining the private room, where the wounded man, on whose account Nelson and Mrs. Chawick had been sent for, lay.

Celia would have drawn back, but Mrs. Chawick insisted upon her entering the room, and she did so.

"What is required of us?" asked Nelson, somewhat impatiently, for he saw that Mrs. Chawick was becoming very painfully excited, and he knew that "but might be disclosed."

The brief in this matter, if possible, he requested, in a whisper, of their attendant, for Mrs. Chawick is not in a condition to endure surprise or great excitement of any kind.

"She may be compelled to listen to painful revelations," said the man, "for the person who has sent for you desires her to make. Let me urge you both to support yourselves, so that there may be no interruption to it, for the man may die before she has seen you. You may enter now."

The door between the two rooms was thrown open, and our friends entered. They were requested to approach the bedside of the patient.

The pale, pain-marked face of the sufferer appeared to welcome Mrs. Chawick with a smile of recognition.

"You do not know me?" he said, feebly.

She gazed with painful earnestness upon his features, but no look of recognition came into her eyes.

"Am I no longer?" he said. "Would that you had never known me, Agatha Chawick, for I have brought much sorrow upon you."

"Upon me, sir?"

"Aye, Henry Elton, your husband's step-brother, has helped to cloud your life with sorrow."

"And are you Henry Elton?" demanded she, in incredulous surprise.

"I am he; years and evil doing have changed me in face and in heart. I reap the penalty of my crime last night; and in this, my dying hour, will attempt to undo the wickedness I have committed, so far as I may be able, at least."

"Speak, if you have anything to say

that concerns me," she implored. "I recognize you now, Henry Elton. It has been long since I saw you, but now your face I remember, not as that of a friend, but of a foe."

"You speak truly," he replied. "I have been your enemy for many a year. I have done you much wrong, as one man being his seldom does another. Prepare yourself for a strange story, for one which shall in part bring you joy, I will speak first of your child, Mrs. Chawick."

"My child! And do you know aught of her?"

He smiled peculiarly, and glanced from the face of the lady to that of Nelson Chawick.

"Yes," he continued. "But let me begin far back, at that period when you became the wife of my brother. Yours was not a wholly happy bridal, Agatha."

She shuddered, for there were memories connected with that event.

"Yet it would have been," he resumed, "but for the hate and malice of the woman who wrongfully loved your betrothed."

"Of Adeline De Graffe?" she said, tremblingly.

"Of Adeline Elton, for she was at that time, and is at present my wife."

"Your wife! Adeline De Graffe your wife?"

"She had been my wife for several months before she met your husband. I believe she really loved your husband, but that fact does not excuse her unfaithfulness to me. Marrying me for selfish reasons, she ought not to have complained when the happiness of her achievement became apparent to her."

"Then Adeline was a wife at the time of her first meeting with your brother, who afterward became my husband?" questioned Mrs. Chawick, eagerly.

"She was."

"And she had no right to give him her love, nor to receive his in return?"

"None at all; you misapprehended her position entirely."

"And—and was it really owing to her failure to achieve her object—the winning of the love of my betrothed husband—that she became insane?"

"Impossible! She never was insane. She devoted you three most faithfully. It was a prison that she went, not to a madhouse. She was a woman of a hard creed; moving in aristocratic circles, yet she has been an inmate of the penitentiary."

"You seemed not to be in his mind not wandering?" she asked, turning aside to the physician in attendance.

"Not in the least, I believe; his brain is clear, though his physical strength is failing fast," was the reply.

"Do not longer imagine, Agatha Chawick," resumed the dying man, "that you have been the instrument of bringing darkness upon the mind and sin upon the soul of Adeline De Graffe, as I will call her, though she is my lawful wife. You have been sinned against, and not sinner."

Before Adeline, under an assumed name, had become a convicted felon, she laid a most cunning plot against you, both to gratify her hatred of you, and to benefit herself pecuniarily. Your husband lived but a little while after his marriage with you. By the terms of his father's will—your father-in-law survived your husband, his son, a scoundrel, and your father-in-law, a miser, he sought to inherit the greater portion of old Mr. Chawick's estate, while I and my children were to have nothing, and to receive little or nothing. It was my duty, for I, as his step-son (Chawick is my name only by adoption), had little claim upon his property and none on his affection."

But the still further proof was that in me, son was born to you, but a daughter, only a small portion of the property should descend to her. Adeline devised a plot to make the latter contingency a certainty. You were to be the power of her hired agents—under the influence of their infernal drugs and subtle poison, months before your child was born. You knew nothing, you were weak and tractable in their hands. Later, your regular physician was bribed to assist in the plot. When your child was born, you believed you gave birth to a daughter—you did not, but to a son. Your own child was taken from you, and another—an infant girl, obtained for the purpose—substituted in its place. The child you believed to be your daughter was afterwards stolen from you by its own mother—after you had learned to love it as your own. Its fate does not concern me, but it is a tragedy."

"But my real child—my son?" gasped the excited lady.

"A poor woman took charge of it, and for years was paid to maintain it. It is he he is now here."

"He is."

"Oh, where shall I find him? My child! my child! he is son or daughter, I implore you to give me back my long-lost child!"

"You have not far to look," said the dying man, solemnly.

He turned his eyes upon Nelson Chawick, who was trembling violently.

"Behold him there," said Henry Elton.

They looked into each other's eyes—the two who had so often, and so mysteriously felt the drawing of the cords of love and unguessed kinship.

"My son!"

"My mother!"

At that time in each other's arms, while tears of joy rained down each other's cheeks like some sun-lighted April dews, whose partial gloom but would obscure glory of perfect peace and brightness.

After the weary years of parting they kissed each other at last.

And who could doubt, as they beheld them, that the old story told by the dying Henry Elton was true.

Even he went to see his joy—he, the sinful man who had lost himself in the wickedness of his life, brought such sorrow to a mother's heart.

When Mrs. Chawick and Nelson were alone, Henry Elton proceeded with the confession, for he had not told it yet.

"It was now believed that no male heir to the estate of old Mr. Chawick existed, consequently the property came to me. The old and cunning man, however, had secretly succeeded, Adeline and myself went to Europe, where we lived as man and wife, while your father-in-law, who was my step-father, and returned to this country, never acknowledging that she was my wife, for she never loved me, but felt the bond between us as one of restraint."

Yet she used me for her own purposes—to obtain wealth—keeping me silent while she plotted to take possession of the selfish and wicked corner. She is a consummate actor, and has appeared in society under a dozen different names, always the brilliant, successful, unprincipled adventurer. Her base for you never smothered; she charged you utterly with the commission of a terrible crime."

"Oh, do not name it," pleaded Mrs. Chawick. "God knows that I am innocent, though human judges might be made to think that I am not."

"God knows you are innocent, and He knows that Adeline De Graffe is guilty. She is who committed that dreadful crime, and yet contrived to throw suspicion on you. Your sister stood in the way of the accomplishment of one of Adeline's wicked schemes, and to remove her she struck her down with a deadly drug, whose slow, strange influence was some the less fatal. By your hands, at times, this subtle poison was administered, though you were as innocent as any child of a knowledge of what you were doing."

"Yet, Heaven pity me," wailed poor Mrs. Chawick, "my dear sister died, believing that I desired and caused her death."

"Yes, it is the truth; but in the other hand she cannot think you guilty of the deed she has imagined that you were. For Adeline, to cause you sister misery, contrived that she should afterward believe that your sister was aware of what agency was employed to take her life, and that she thought you a voluntary instrument in the performance of the deed."

"Oh, my dear, dead sister! how patient, how loving still she was, though believing me capable of an awful crime, she still loved me, and she loved me, yet I never understood till later what her dying message of forgiveness meant."

"She knew your innocence now," said Henry Elton, "even as God always knew it. In the hereafter you will have no guilt like mine to answer for. Hear me further, for Adeline, a few weeks before she died, unexpectedly met you in this city, and in the company of your son—though as yet you knew not that it was he—she found that sooner or later the relationship between you and him would be discovered. To make that relation a bitterness to you, instead of a joy, if it should ever be made Adeline resolved to do her worst. She had a plan, and that plan was to make you a convicted felon. The certificate of the marriage could once be obtained, and with that object I visited your mother, who would be easy."

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the answer he received from a gentleman named Mr. De Graffe.

"He said," he asked, to make sure that he had not mistaken the face he had seen.

"De Graffe, I believe," said his informant. "He was on his way to greet him to the hospital just above to see a dying man to whom the horses took flight, ran away and threw her out, hitting her and breaking the leg of her coachman."

Mrs. Chawick heard the words.

"God pity and forgive her!" she murmured; "her unhappy life is ended; may she find peace in the hereafter."

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"To that paragon—in the village of Pedragua, where she was cruelly deserted, and, as I am sure, so cruelly repaid. Come, let us depart at once."

He rose up, too.

"But," he remarked, deprecatingly, "she has been taken thence, and perhaps—"

His voice died suddenly away, for she caught him by the wrist with a quick

